## CRITICS HARD AT WORK

"Miss Hobbs" and "In Paradise" Produced Three Nights Apart.

Willie Collier Scores Heavily at the Manhattan With "Mr. Smooth, But "A Little Ruy of Sunshine' Leaves New York Very Shortly-

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.-Productions are coming close upon one another now in our busy burg. "Miss Hobbs" and "In-Paradise," both important premieres, were given this week only three nights spart, and the critics had not yet recovered from behalf of Manager Doris when Annie Rusers voting it coarse, while all agree that, with the exception of one scene, it is stupid. The piece would probably have fallen flat but for its vein of obscenity. The story concerns the adventures of a countryman, Monsieur Ponthichot by name, with whose daughter an artist, Baphael de la Caux, falls in love. The rustit, however, is anxious to see the gay life of Paris and imposes, before giving his consent to the marriage of his child, the condition that he shall be introduced to the mistress whom he limits his prospective sop-in-law must be considered. The rustic howers and the shall be introduced to the mistress whom he limits his prospective for a counts of believe and the condition of believe was to have been shared between them. Both had worked hard at the bit. It's too bad."

Jack Hobbs merged into silence again. Outside, the sky was the color of the asphalt and the drops were falling. Except for a counts of believe the condition of believe the continued. "and it is not sure that I'm doing right in violating his provision. Courtleigh and he were to have been with the same company, you know."

The Hand of Fate, "I put in by the way of proving that I did know.

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"The Hand of Fate," "I M. De in Caux is without friends of the sort described, and, in order to win the son-in-law must have. Strangely enough, and the property of the son described, and, in order to win the woman for whom he cares so much, is obliged to bribe a model into playing the part. From this condition come the complications, which are not altogether pleasant. The farce is presented by an admirable east, which includes Richard Golden between them. Pack expected to make the between them. Pack expected to make the

and set type, read proof, a ser to be surprised at his suctification of the principal role is cleaned an aways effective. The supporting company includes Charles J. Richman and Mrs. Gilbert, both formerly members of the corganization at Daly's.

My last week's letter to the surprised at his suction and set type, read proof, a ser to be surprised at his suctification. Banks was an idlot. Banks was an idl

Mrs. Gitbert, both formerly memoers of the organization at Unity's.

My last week's letter to The Times contained a mention of the plot which served Willie Coilier in "Mr. Smooth," which had just then been shown at the Manhattan. I am now able to record the impression created by the play and players. In the first value, Mr. Colline is a strong local favorite. place. Mr. Collier is a strong local favorite, and anything he exhibits is likely to attract attention. The general opinion seems to be that in "Mr. Smooth" he has a part that fits him as an orange fits its skin. Audiences hugh at the farce from curtain ts curtain, while the critics have been especially kind—to the star most particu-larly. I predict a long run for the work. "A Little Ray of Sunshine," on the other

will have only three weeks at ack's. It is said that the importation is doing well, and might be continued for a longer time, were it not for the fact that Stuart Robson is to open at the theatre on September 18 in "The Gadity." This venture, by the way, is considered to be a de-cidedly rash one, not because the drama is likely to luck strength, but from the fact that its atheistic features are more pro-nounced and radical than those of any pres-eminion we have had since Victorien Sar-"Touniel Rochet," which startied the religious world twenty years ago. "The Gaully" is the soubriquet bestowed upon personal recollection of the bits of pathos which the actor put into "The Jucklins," oted to believe that Mr.

lieve that, aside from the sumptuousness of astrangs and clothing, the revival will be a success if only through the efforts of Kathryn Kidder. Mass Kidder's justig-admired impersunation of Madame Sans Genesered to show her as an actress of wonderful versatility and power. An important characteristic of her work is in that she can approach and, when necessary, cross, that this locder line which separates pathos from humor. In view of all these varied abilities, I do not besitate to predict much for her assumption of the roles of Percita and Hermione roles in which Mary Ander-

non achieved one of her greatest triumphs. Bromson Howard has come to town for the purpose of conducting the rehearsals of his new play, "Peter Stuyesant," in which W. H. Crane is to appear shortly at the most ambitious of Mr. Crane's carser,

as "The Gadfly" will be the most lavish
ever made by his old partner. Considerwhis curiosity seems to have been aroused
among folk who are anxious to as a start of the constant of the constant

hit made at Montreal by Mrs. Flake, who presented "Becky Sharp" there on last Monday. As is generally known , "Becky indulging in much speculation concerning when nilacked, for the fishermen and sum-it. Every one of Mrs. Flake's many admir-ers will be glad to learn of her achieve-hunters in saying, "but didn't you hear its

As was to have been expected, "The Girl From Maxim's" has caught the town and of organizing expeditions to wooded bundreds are being turned away from the or spruce-crowned islands. Fright Criterion Theatre at every performance. The piece sets a limit to stage suggestiveness, for, aithough several of its immeralities are sugar-couted to a certain extent, there is no lack of episodes and incidents which, to say the least, are most candid-There is no disrobing scope in "The Girl that the beroine has undressed and is in bed when the curtain rises on the first not. Excepting for this emission, the force is not without one of the conventional indellentire. "The Girl" goes to the Garden shortly, when she will be followed at the Criterion by Julia Marlowe in Clyde Fitch's "Bartara Fritchie,"

cellent company to exploit "The Old Horns-stands" successor, "The Village Postmas-ter," in the provinces this senson. Among the members of the organization will be Archic Boyd, who is well known for his work with Hemman Thompson and James A. Herne. "The Village Postmaster" has had a run of 156 nights in New York. Walter Perkins, who has just opened in

"My Friend From India," is to produce a new comedy in December. It will be called "Jerome: a Poor Man." Otts Skinner is at present busily engaged

in rehearing his support in "The Liars," with which he begins his tour on September

At the Madison Square Theatre we are eing asked nightly "Why Smith Left fome." I don't know, and I don't believe

STAGE STORIES.

With the Second Act. "The thing's damned queer," I said to Jack Hobbs.

I said it questioningly, but Jack Hobbs paid not the slightest attent on to me. Instead, he continued to look reflectively upon Thirty-fourth Street and the falling rain which had already made the casements of the Thespian Club more ser teenble as mirrors than as windows. The last of the carriages following the hearse in which lay the wife of our mutual friend Gospel and Gossip From the Rinito | had just passed and both of us were

"The thing's damined queeer," I repented some seconds later. "They appeared to be very happy. Five nights ago I was dising with them around the corner. Today she is a suicide and his heart is

broken. I can't understand it." "I hardly believe Banks would care that the brain fag induced by their efforts in you should," drawled Jack Hobbs, provokbehalf of Manager Doris when Antie Rus-ingly. But he added, "it is damned sell demanded their attention. "In Para-dise," which was done first, and at the to tell me about the affair. "Court-eigh Bijou Theatre, has achieved hardly more repeated the story to me in confidence," than partial success, many of the review- he continued, "and I'm not sure that I'm

Jack Hobbs merged into silence again.
Outside, the sky was the color of the asphait and the drops were falling. Except for a couple of beingsi pedestrians the sidewalks were deserted. The fire that

Stokes, Theodore Hamilton, Hattle Russell,
Harry St. Maur, Beatrice Mergan, William
Bonnell, and Margaret Melonaid,
in "Miss Hobbs," which Annie Russell
in "Miss Hobbs," which Annie Russell
offered on Thursday at the Lyceum, that
disciple of sun-bonnet parts takes a longer
step from her old line than abCatherine." Miss 12. stantly. Both were letter perfect in their parts before the call had been printed anywhere. They used to meet after breakfast and go over the lines on their way to the theatre. At night they supped together and discussed details. Banks didn't tell his wife anything about the matter breause he wanted her to be surprised at his success. Banks was an idiot. Banks was very fond of his wife."

My viscavia atomed an instant and re-

afternoons away from home and her hus-band asked his colleague up to rehearse in her absence. Courtleigh responded on Tuesday and worked until within half an hoar of the time for Mrs. Banks' return. Then he went away. On Wednoodny he came again. Banks shut the door and they begun. The thing went so well that neith-enetteed how fast the minutes were pass-ing. They had commenced with the sec-ond act. Perhaps you don't know that act. It is great. Banks plays a trusting hus-It is great. Banks plays a trusting husband. He finds out something about his wife's unfaithfulness, but does not learn the name of her lover. He tells the tale to his best friend without realizing that the friend is the man who has wrecked his life. Perfect, ch? Banks and Courtleigh both had chances for achieving everything an actor wishes to achieve. Courtleigh was to hear the secount of his chum's dis-covery with silent enotion. Banks was to relate how he had corn across the bolefal knowledge. His lines depicted how let-tle he had worried over the woman's daily absences—with what horror he had discov-cred what they meant—the philid effect all this had had on him. You see the pos-

I began dranding that Jack Hebbs' Live of a strong drama had noble him forget everything else. 'But the explanation?' I demanded.

"This is the explanation," said Hobbs. "The two lunaties went on with that sec-ond act until long after the hour for dinner. the illegitimate son of a church dignitary whose sinfulness, together with a knowledge of his mother's frailty, has made an infided out of the young man. There is no end of tragedy in the churacter, and the admirers of Mr. Robson seem uncertain of his ability to do anything in it. With a on the floor. 'She has been listening,' quoth Hanks. 'All my plotting has gone for nothing.' She can't have heard very much.' Robson will at least be thoroughly artistic in his vehicle.

I have seen a dress and scenic rehearsal of Wegenhal & Kemper's forthcoming production of "The Winter's Tale," and believe that the second three the pipe was extinguished.

Never did manufacturer make so exasperating a pipe.

"Please go on," I begged. "That's nearly all," said "That's nearly all," said Hobbs. "They had to brank open her door. She had fallen across a desk and the landanum bottle was still in her hand. Aren't those the bells of the Little Church?" "Yes," I answered, "they are."

A HAIR-RAISING SEA SIREN.

Maine Summer Bourders Think It Is an Indian Devil.

(From the Boslon Journal) Wild stories of fierce "Indian devils" and more savage 'painters' circulate up and down the coast of Maine until the blood of sammer visitors from the hot cities graws cold and surgid. Old sottlers tell graw-

shie ceriosity seems to have been aroused among folk who are auxious to see the sound of a screening shrick as of a soul former of a Foot of Fortune" as the uniped Governor of New York. I toyself confessione degree of wonder regarding the advent of Mr. Crane with a wooden leg.

From Caimda have been drifting into New York most gratifying reports of the latest and the confession of the latest and the lates

Nerk most gratifying reports of the tasks at Montreal by Mrs. Flake, who nited "Becky Sharp" there on last as. As is generally known , Becky is a dramatization of "Vanity and theutrical winescree have been wooded timber lands, which only attacks

Brave young men and reckless boys talk maids and auxious mothers dissuade the could-be nimrods. But the strongest disscatting the "warmint." ecounts the cries have been heard all

long the coust. One faction, perhaps the strongest nu-periculty, holds that there are many of the flerce creatures about, and great is the registing and much the hesitancy about making expeditions, even into the blueherry fields, now rivaling the skles in

Another faction, the stronger in expe-tence and woods lore, helds that there is mly one of the frightful creatures loose, a inge monster, who is a sort of "last of he Mohicans" of his kind. This adds to he harror, for frightfully powerful and erribly active must this suppositition

The old name bounty laws are being looked up, and every night around the free or on the plasmus excited groups dis use the best method of allaying the pani;

case the best method of aliaying the pani-and slaying the brute or brutes.

While this excitement rages as lore, affent on board a pretty steam yarkt, working eastward, all is peaceful. The one drawback to the enjoyment must be the strongest-lunged and wildest-sound-ing siren whistle ever heard on the coast of Maine.

There are seefers, though far and few between, who detect striking colocidences

"Why Smith Left and I don't believe in the log of the yacht and the record of the MANCY SYKES."

between, who detect striking co'ncedence in the log of the yacht and the record of the shricks of the "Indian devi." or "painter," the last of the kind.

## CHARMING GOSEEN PASS

An Artist's Impression of the Great Virginia Gorge.

ommodore Maurey's Memorable Tribute to its Fascinating Beauty. Superior to Other Similar Spots in Its Impressive Grandeur-A Protest Against the Defacing of Nature

There are mountain gaps and passes without number in Virginia, but only one Goshen Pass. Commodore Maurey's famous "When I am dend, carry me through Goshen Pass and may the laurel be in bloom," tells more than volumes could of the witchery and romantic beauty of this wonderful spot. With a full consciousness that the real charm of this Pass will elude any arrangement of descriptive words, the writer records his impressions

Indeed, it is an occasion like this that fills the painter with misgivings, for, knowing as he does, the deplorable limitations of his color-box, he is much lens confident of his command of words, for they at best are not his medium of expres-sion. However, if these lines inspire some reader to make a journey through the gorge, that will be reason enough for this account of a painter's impressions of his first visit to this little-known but wonderfully rich and attractive bit of nature

He was black as any negro, but with the features of a mountaineer. He had a good team of horses and a farm wagon, and was transporting a car load of soft coal from the station to the hotel. Something in his reply to some casual question led the wriculture and a humorist. It ended in the writer not going to the livery stable, but engaging him for a drive through the Pass. Jud. O. McCutcheon, styled "Mac," proved a delightful companion, a Confederate vereran full of reminiscences, a hunter, farm-

published his story and sketches. The Pass was a thoroughfure from the north and west to Lexington and the James. An old resident of Goshen relates that at one time there were as many as twelve stage coaches daily through the Pass, but the railroads have changed all this and stages no longer run over the route. One meets an or casional mail carrier on horseback. Thi feature alone of the old staging days re-

Through the Pass the Calfpasture River crosses North Mountain to join South Riv-er, which flows through the Lexington val-ley into the James near Balcony Falls,

Through the Pass. Leaving the hotel early one morning while mist was still lying in the valley and overhead, one of those grey, threatening skies so dear to an artist, Mac and the writer started out for the Pass. Turning at the Victoria Furnace, a great iron es-tablishment, which, after a long silence, is again making fron pigs from the crude ore, the vehicle followed a little creek through a "gap." Praising what I sup-posed to be the entrance to the Pass, Mac chuckled, whereupon an explanation was demanded. "This nin't no pass, this is only the gap," he replied. After a couple of miles we drove out of the gap into Bells valley, one of those very fertile thrifty spots so common in this mountain region. A short mile across this level, and we entered the Pass. The difference be-tween a gap and a poss became apparent A gap is a wide opening the a mountain range, while a pass is a narrow gorge or canyon. On either hand the moun-tain side rose 2,000 feet and more, so steep in many places that only spruce and the hardlest pine could find a foothold. In ther places were towering rock cliffs, eamed and worn by ages of sun and feast. rom these mountain sides blocks of stone f enormous size had fallen into the ravine ill the little stream of sea-green water and been choked up into charming pools, leep and clear, broken by cascades of lowy whiteness and fuscinatingly fantas enowy whiteness and fuscinatingly fantas-tie. The road, a fine piece of engineering, much of the way is quarried out of the solid rock, sometimes high up on the mountain. From there, the view, though beautiful, was often a bit terrible. The road is level, no "sideding" or rough places in it, perfectly secure, but heyond the edge it was in places impassable and sinister. It mon thing even now for travel rs to meet black bear along this road, and tree is pointed out where wolves, having reed a man, kept him there all night. When he was rescued by passers in the morning the tree was seen to have been gnawed nearly through by the voracious hearts. Wolves are rarely seen here now.

intains of West Virginia and North Glimpses of Imposing Scenery. Now and again one gets glimpees un and own this pass which make most dramatic ad imposing pictures. With all its rugged grandeur, there is still an idyllic qualiy in this sylvan ravine. Its rippling water and charming scenery make it more delight-ful than any similar spot. At Paint Rock, on the French Broad, there are glimpses much like this, but Goshen Plass is nar-rower and more charming. Tuckerman's Ravine, in the White Mountains, is muc he same sort of a narrow rocky gorge, but it lacks the vegetation; it is rocky and arren as a crater. The rich, varieested growth, from silver lichens to velvet green moss, laurel, big and little, to poplar, oak, naple and spruce, with the grey of bare rock, produce an infinite variety of color, and though in August, the scheme, green and blue, is for from monotonous. The and the is for rom monotonous. The effect of mist erceping up the moun-lain side and the fine, ragged line of jutting purple cliff and spruce trees projected against this must be seen to be appreciated. In a narrow gorge like his, the effect is so concentrated that it accomes immensely pictorial. On every and is laurel, "big laurel" and "little aurel" as the natives speak of rhododenfron and the true mountain laurel. These nardy evergreens, with their tough, woody tems tortured into every conceivable twist and turn, cling to every crevice in the rocky places where a little soil has lodged. At a point in the pass called Laurel Run, where tiny brook crosses the road, is a magnifi-ent thicket of faurel. The brook moist-n he rocks for a wide space and the rocks and fallen logs here have become carpeted with effice mess of great richness. Above this

They have gone to fastnesses deeper in the

AMUSEMENTS.

## 

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Four Star Headliners.

HLIAN	STREATOR	Edna Bassett	GEORGE
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The accomplished and beautiful ac- trees, assisted by  her own superior  ramatic company,  in the brilliant  playlet of war  limes entitled  "Her Soldier  Boy," with her  own special scenic  embellishing en ta  and costumes.	Eighteen dashing soldiers, in brilliant coatume, who have won the title of "Champion Prize Brillers and Wall Scalers of America," in marvelous feats of military acrobatics, ground and lotty tumbling and high fence climbing.	The tweelest sing- er in vaudeville, with her Street Urchins' Quartet, in her own inimi- table and novel pictorial singing act, called 'Sun- shine and Sor- row,' with scen- ery and costumes both rich and ap- propriate.	The refined and effervescent fun- maker of "Waltz me again" fame, who has all the newest songs and sayings of modern ministrelay and is the acknowledged peer of the merri- est monologists.
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Other Extraordinary Acts to Be Seen Are: MLLE. SALINA,

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must have enjoyed deeply the journey his must have enjoyed deeply the journey his remains made from Richmond to Lexington, by way of Goshen Pass, and in June when the laurel was in bloom. One is reminded of Rousseau's great love of nature expressed in much the same way in his instructions to his attendants: "When you think I am dying, carry me out underneath some great oak tree and I'm sure I shall revive."

One beautiful effect follows another so closely—no two vistas are the same in this

One beautiful effect follows another so closely—no two vistas are the same in this great pass—that one forgets the flight of miles and time. It is about five miles through the Pass proper and about seven miles from Goshen, At the lower end of the Pass is a line sulphur spring, reached by a rustic bridge across the stream. Here by the roadside in a fine oak grove are placed twenty or thirty huts of rude con-struction in camp-meeting style. This bit of ground and the spring was left to the of ground and the spring was left to the citizens of the county by some philan-thropic native. Anyone in the county may build here or come here and camp on the broad green square inderneath the oaks without let or hindrance. A number of people, with their families, from different parts of Rockbridge county, were enjoying this pleasant privilege. Near by is the famous Rockbridge baths and it was near there that we dined with some good farmer people, couzins of Mac, who gave us a cordial Virginia welcome and an excellent dinner. Our return through the Pass redinner. Our return through the Pass re-vealed the grandear of the place, for a very heavy thunderstorm caught us in the heart of the Pass. The majesty of a storm is impressive anywhere, but in Goshen Pass it is something to bring on nostoigia. Mac was silent. I myself had little to say. I was overcome with the sublimity of the weird experience. Once I broke out in a laugh. "What are you laughing at?" asked weird experience. Once I broke out in a laugh. "What are you laughing at?" asked Mac, looking up in surprise. "I was just thinking, Mac," I replied, of some passages of Wagnerian opera I have heard where they thought they were representing a scenic effect like this."

A Painter's Protest. Through the Pass some cheap-witted patent medicine artist has recently dec orated rocks with oil paint-big glaring white letters on black ground—extolling the merits of some Indian pain killer. It is an open question whether this cort of vandalism is less offensive than obscenity to some people. One's blood boils at the desecration. It is enough to make the desecration. It is enough to make the dear old commodore, who worshiped the Pass, come back from the other shore and enter a protest. That miscreant ought to be lynched. Public continuous noise that this per grande. Fullife opinion in New En-gland is so strong on this point that this species of advertising is rarely ventured there nowadays in picturesque localities. The writer recalls vividly how in '88 or The writer recalls vividly how in '88 or '83 some one besmirched the prominent rocks between Pittsfield and Lenox in Massachusetts with this class of patent medicine "ada." Those "ada." were shortlived, for within twenty-four hours the selectmen of the town had a man with a pot of paint and a buggy on his track and painted out every last one of the ambitious "ada." In some places there are laws against this sort of description of and come feetings and those Virginians iandscape features, and those Virginians who live near the Pass should see to it that this sort of thing is stopped, if they care for the good opinion of the intelligent and cultivated traveler in their beautiful

ountain country.

JAMES HENRY MOSER. Origin of the Kiss.

(From the Pull Mail Magazia Down to Homeric times the kiss bore a solely maternal significance. Thus, in Ho-ner, Kuysos meant only the kiss of father mer, Kuveos meant only the kiss of lather to child, or the kiss of the supplicant, like the Proci who kiss the hands of Ulysses. The kiss never occurs in the love scenes between Venus and Mars, Ulysses and Circe, or Paris and Helen (Illad iii), nor yet between Hera and Laos, who are distinctly depicted as in the bonds of love (Illad xiv). In the scene with Andromache, Heater correctes her yet with a kiss but Hector consoles her not with a kiss, but with a caress of his hand. Even in the ancient Egyptinn the definitions of "kiss" (excepting hach, which is an obscure point) refer to "embrace," and not to kissing with the tips. In ancient Sanakrit poetry, again, the iciss is always maternal, and the kusiami (Sanskrit for "kiss") is xclusively filial; although later books g exclusively filial; although later books go far as to differentiate twelve varieties of the kiss. The wife of Califa in the Ramayana, bewalting his death, recalls the hand, not the lips, that caressaed her. So also the wife of the King of Cambedia; while the father Ball kisses his son. And again: "And the mother licked her son's face with her tongue, and made lamentation like a searning cow hereft of her calf. the rocks for a wide space and the rocks and failed loss here have become carpeted with allien loss here have become carpeted with father fonding him the while." It would seem, then, that the kiss, which among ancient and uncivilized peoples is unknown as a symbol and harbinger of lowe, sprang from the entirely maternal blooms.

"See Goshea Pass when the laurel is in bloom and you will forget every other beautiful bit of nature you ever looked at," said a friend of mine. I made a penell sketch of Laurel Rus, and, letting my imagination picture this beautiful spot as it might appear when that tangle of big and little laurel was in bloom, I was price willing to believe my friend might be right. Little wonder that Commodore Maurey should be so in love with this fascinating place. If the apprit cares for what befalls this poor body of ours after that spirit has taken its final departure, he tion like a yearning cow bereft of her calf.

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DEWEY HOMEWARD BOUND!

RAILROAD OVER WHITE PASS. Takes Only Nine Days to Reach the Klondike From Vancouver.

The White Pass and Yukon Railron

was fully opened to business from Lynn Canal across the mountains to lake Bennett in the last week of July. The rapidity with which the Klondye has been brought into touch with the rest of the world is illustrated by the fact that on July 29 many of the European newspapers printed a despatch sent from Dawson on the previous day telling of the good feeling there over the vast improvement in com-munications that the railroad would intro-duce, and adding that the journey from Vancouver to that town would now require only nine days. The road was practically completed to the lake on July 11, but was not fully opened till a fortnight later. The company is a little more sanguine even than the people of Dawson as to the short-ening of the time to that town, for it de-clares that Dawson may now be reached in eight days from Seattle, Tacoma, Victoria eight days from Seattle, Tacoma, Victoria or Vaucouver. Up to this time the overland journey has certainly been one of hardship and danger, and has cost a great deal of money. Today the terribit trying and arduous part of the trip may be made in a few hours, and at a cost which, though hardly comparable with the railroad rates in Illinots, is still almost a bugate ie when measured by the large expense of seatling. measured by the large expense of packing freight over mountain passes that are among the most toilsome and formidable in the world.

As the construction was begun early i June last year, the first section of the road to Lake Bennett has been completed in about thirteen mouths. This time would have been considerably reduced if it had not been that about two months after the work began the news of the discoveries at the Atlin gold fields caused a stampede of working on the road, and next day the la bor brigade numbered only 500, all the others having departed for the new El Dorado. This was on August 8 last year, and from that time there was the greatest and from that time there was the greatest trouble to keep on hand a sufficient force of laborers. The difficulties were much augmented, also, by the unusually heavy snowfall last winter, and during Pebruary and March last nine men were employed in shoveling snow for every one actually sugaged in railroad construction. Railroad builders were probably never so bundled to before to keep them from freezing to

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### Kernan's yceum Theatre.

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LIVING MODELS. Mammoth and Magnificent, Made Gloriously Brilliant by

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A Burlesque on the Latest Craze of Daly's Great Production.

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A SWIFT ENTERTAINMENT. A WEALTH OF SPECIAL SCENERY, ELECTRICAL EFFECTS, AND GORGEOUS COSTUMES,

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NEW AND ORIGINAL HEBREW PLAY STAGED BY MR. JAMES A. HERNE),

Treating of Jewish Life and Gustoms in the Ghetro of London. PRESENTED BY A REMARKABLE COMPANY. Applications for seats (by mail) for the opening performance are now being booked.

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